

Wizardmon's Quest

by Preacher

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Summary: Wizardmon is back, but what changes have happened since his disappearance?

1. Another Destiny

>I'm writing this for all of the Wizardmon diehards out there. Myself being one, I thought that a Wizardmon
story would be faboo! I hope you enjoy!

>
Dedicated to the crew at the Wizardmon Shrine. Thanx for being there!

>
WIZARDMON'S QUEST PART 1

>
Wizardmon stood on a high cliff, reviewing the recent run of events. After being hit by the grisly wing, he

>was downloaded back to the Digiworld. Somehow. He still didn't know how. Weak and beaten, he slowly
nursed himself back to health.

Not only that, but he managed to add several new powers to his repitioire.

>Wizardmon allowed himself a rare smile. He had found out through a traveling Geckomon that he was on
some continent he had never heard of, Archive. Wizardmon hovered out off the cliff, setting himself on a

>course for the land below.

>Walking along a path, Wizardmon kept his senses alert and his mind processing. A small, green figure was
coming towards him,

stumbling. He kept his staff ready for action, if need be. The figure appeared to be a

>Numemon. Wizardmon relaxed his staff. Numemon are friendly. But this Numemon kept stumbling and
falling. Wizardmon walked towards it, trying to help. Upon closer observation, it was badly hurt. It gazed

>up at Wizardmon with passive eyes. Wizardmon knelt slowly and picked it up. He had spotted a Koromon
village not too far back, where he could get medical help. Wizardmon thought of flying, but then

>remembered one of his new skills, Teleport. Draining, but effective.

"Teleportation!" Wizardmon
disappeared in a blinding flash.
>
The group of around fifty Koromon at Koromon village were not expecting anyone to turn up. Especially
>not in a blinding flash and loud crack. To say the least, they were surprised. But, seeing the stranger had a
wounded Numemon in his arms, they rushed to help. Wizardmon was questioned about the Numemon by
>the Koromon chief, who nodded sagely at every detail. A small Koromon who looked about nine came
bouncing into the room, whispered something to the chief, and bounced out. The Koromon elder looked at
>Wizardmon for a minute before speaking. "I was informed that your friend has woken up." His voice was
high pitched, as are all Koromon voices. Wizardmon felt a great weight lifted off his shoulders at this
>announcement. It was his turn to speak. "What happened to him?" The elder stared off into space as he
spoke. "You told me that you were a stranger to Archive. Archive had been a peaceful place for thousands
>of years, as long as anyone could remember. But then a new power came to control. A dark power. This
force was by the name of Ninjamon." Wizardmon turned the name over in his head. He knew he heard it
>somewhereâ€|but no matter. The elder continued. "Ninjamon enslaved the digimon of Archive, burned
villages, caused havoc. We were spared due to our remote location. The Numemon you rescued was a slave
>in Ninjamon's forces. They work for him, getting whipped and beaten as they strengthen his empire. But
some escaped, like the one you rescued. Wizardmon, you are by far the most powerful digimon among us.
>Please, will you battle and defeat Ninjamon?" The elder's voice was imploring. Wizardmon's eyes shone
with a cold fire. "Any creature barbaric enough to do that is as evil as Myotismon. I shall defeat him, even
>if it costs me my life!"

>To be continued!!!

>So, ya like it? If so, review! I'll write a sequel after five or more reviews!

>DISCLAIMER: Legal stuff. Well, I don't accept ownership of Wizardmon, Digimon, Numemon,
Koromon, Geckomon, Myotismon, Digiworld, or any related material. But, I will take credit for
>"Teleportation" and "Ninjamon". If you use them, then you're in for a fanny kickin' if the patent office gets
ya! (Maybe legal stuff isn't so bad after allâ€|.)
>
Made by Preacher in June, 2000.
> <p><p>

2. Settling Old Scores

Preacher's Second fic! YAY^_^(not including poems). For all you Wizy

>diehards out there, and for you back at the sites and shrines, relief
is here! The (semi-awaited) sequel to Wizardmon's Quest Part 1, (duh)
>Wizardmon's Quest Part 2!! This one has FAR more action. There's even a
big fight scene!! So, If you like this,

Trip Attack, and Trick Strike.

>
The little lizard had taken out a yo-yo and was using it as a flail,

>spinning it around himself at a high speed. "I'm gonna break yoah neck,
sonny boy! I hate you Sam-ri-mon!" he shouted. He took a better look at

>Wizardmon, and stopped spinning. "Yoah not a Sam-ri-mon! Wot choo doin'
heah?" Wizardmon pondered telling a false name, then considered against

>it. "I am Wizardmon, and I'm heading to fight Ninjamon." The little
Trickmon laughed, rocking itself back and forth. "Yoah sick, chubs. No

>one in their right mind would fight Ninjamon. He's big! He's strong!
He's even got a shiny sword!" Said the Trickmon, pronouncing sword like

>shord. "I don't care, he is even worse than Myotismon. I still hold a
grudge against him, too." The little lizard almost fell over. "You need

>to be brought up to date, brothah. My-oh-tish-mon's long dead! Ev'ry one
here'bout knows that!" Wizardmon found it bizarre that everyone on this

>continent was kept up to date on everything. "How do you know about
Myotismon?" Wizardmon asked in a harsh voice. "Its simple, chubs!

>Piximon's brothah, Spritemon lives heah! He's not as powerful as
Piximon, but still a good fighter. His brother keeps him up to date."

>
Author's Note: Sprites are like pixies, in case you wonder. Also, keep

>in mind this is after the Digidestined return, but before Piximon is
killed by the Dark Masters. PS: I'll probably write a Piximon story, if

>I have time. What do you think? Leave a review!

>"I see. Well, if you'll excuse me, I must be going. I still have a
distance to cover before nightfall." Wizardmon politely ended the

>conversation, striking a steady pace to the castle. The Trickmon
bounced alongside him, talking faster than before. "Ya know, I like you.

>Brave. I like bravery. Mind if I come along witcha?" He asked, tension
thick in his voice. Wizardmon was shocked. He had been traveling alone

>for months, now this little Digimon wanted to join him? Wizardmon
smiled beneath the high collar he wore. "You want to come along? Fine.

>But here are the rules. No cowardly actions, no turning back, and no
pigging out on the food. Agreed?" The Trickmon nodded sagely.

"Agreed,

>Chubs." He said, scampering ahead.

>Author's Note: 'Chubs' does not refer to Wizardmon's stature. Period.
End of sentence. Also, Brothah (see below) doesn't mean the two are
related.

>Wizardmon and Trickmon were lying atop a sandy hill, just out of view
of the Samuraimon patrols. "So, brothah, what's our plan?" Asked

>Trickmon. "Well, we need a distraction." Trickmon giggled. "Say no more.
Trip Attack!" Trickmon's Yo-yo shot a short distance, tripping a

>Samuraimon who had ventured too close. The Samuraimon rolled

downhill
and smashed into a group of Samuraimon gathered around a small cooking
>fire. The next scene has mayhem, as all of the guards were either

struggling to get up, or were running around on fire, alerting other
>patrols who ran around trying to find out what happened, none coming

close to Wizardmon and Trickmon, who were silently sneaking into the
>castle.

>The musty castle had a high entrance chamber, with two staircases, one

running up, and one down. "Which way?" Trickmon's voice echoed and
>amplified off the walls, making quite a din. Four Samuraimon appeared

at the base of the downward steps, yelling "Hey, you!" Wizardmon didn't
>hesitate. "Up. Now." Trickmon didn't need to be told twice. Both of

them ran up the stairs, or more appropriately, Trickmon ran, Wizardmon
>floated. The stairs led to a pair of thick iron doors. Both of them ran

inside, but the doors swung closed magically behind them. Trickmon
>started to attack the door, but Wizardmon's eyes were focused on a point

about twenty feet ahead of them. A shadow swept across the point, and a
>black-garbed figure stood in the shadows. A booming voice rang through

the chamber. "Wizardmon. So nice to see you again. It's been a long
>time, friend." Wizardmon's mind was racing. He had heard that voice

somewhere before....
>
FLASHBACK: A young Wizardmon is standing in an arena. There is a small,
>lean figure standing opposite him. An old, wrinkled Digimon stands

behind Wizardmon, and a cloaked figure behind the other fighter.

>Wizardmon is facing off against Assassinmon, a wicked little fighter.

The other Digimon are the two's mentors. Assassinmon launches an attack,
>Wizardmon blocks and counters. The two go into a cloud of haze, and

Wizardmon comes out on top, pinning down Assassinmon with his staff.
>Assassinmon's eyes gleam with the cold fire of vengeance. "I shall get

you, Wizardmon. You shall succumb to me eventually."

>
Ninjamon is Assassinmon's ultimate form. This one thought ran through
>Wizardmon's head like wildfire. "Well, Wizardmon, it seems you remember

me. I'm touched. Wizardmon was shaking uncontrollably, not with fear,
>but with rage. "Fool." Wizardmon's voice was trembling. "You came all

this way for a boyhood grudge. You FOOL!" Wizardmon threw himself at
>Ninjamon.

>Data Screen, Ninjamon narrating.

>I am Ninjamon, scourge of the shadows. I am the most powerful ultimate

in the Digiworld! My Ninja Cutter and Shurkien Storm attacks will
>annihilate anything that dares to come too close!

>Ninjamon easily sidestepped Wizardmon's lunge, and launched a Ninja

Cutter at his unprotected back. In the next couple of seconds, three

>things happened. Ninjamon let out a hard, cold laugh. Wizardmon pulled
himself to his feet, a small red stain showing through his cape.

>Trickmon leaped and grabbed onto Ninjamon's head, an unexpected attack.
Wizardmon used this advantage. "BETATHUNDERBALL!" The Beta Thunder Ball

>shot at Ninjamon, hitting him in the middle of the chest, tearing at
his black leather armor. Ninjamon struggled to his feet. He grabbed

>Trickmon, plucking him off his head with ease. Then he cruelly flung
the little Digimon against the wall, where he lay, drifting between

>consciousness and unconsciousness. "No....NO! YOU ANIMAL!" Wizardmon
felt power like he never had before. It was coursing through every vein

>in his body, making a humming in the air around him.

>Far away, at the Koromon village, the elder Koromon was gazing at the
sky. Suddenly, one star stood out brighter than any other.

>
Above Primary village, that same star shone, causing Elecmon to gaze in

>wonder at it.

>At the base of Infinity Mountain, Leomon gazed at that star too.

>At a small camping site in the middle of File Island, Gatomon looked at
the same star. She felt as though power was radiating from it, but she

>could not quite pinpoint the cause.

>Back in Ninjamon's castle, Wizardmon dimly realized he had found the
key to defeating Ninjamon. "Ninjamon, I'm paying you back for the

>suffering you've caused!!! Wizardmon, Digivolve!!!" A blinding flash
of light engulfed Wizardmon. When the light dimmed enough for normal

>eyesight to see what was going on, a new figure stood in the middle of
the light.

>
Data Screen, Trickmon Narrating.

>
I don't believe it. That's Magemon, the evolved form of Wizardmon!

>He's the power source for anything that deals with magic, good or bad...
and his Mage Blast will show Ninjamon some real pain. Woo-hoo!

>
Trickmon lapsed into sleep. A red clothed figure, slightly taller than

>Wizardmon, stepped from the light. The garments were the same, but the
buckles on the hat and neck were now golden suns. The staff Magemon

>carried was an oblong, golden ball with six symmetrically arranged
points, each about ten inches long. "Ninjamon, your deeds are worthy

>of no thanks. You have caused only pain and suffering wherever you went.
I shall end your reign of terror, here and now! MAGE BLAST!!" A blinding

>light filled the chamber, illuminating Ninjamon's figure. Wizardmon
pointed his staff at Ninjamon. Ninjamon felt fear for the first time in

>his life, before a red beam from the staff snuffed out his existence
forever.

>
Slowly, Wizardmon became aware of his condition. He had run out of

>energy and de-Digivolved, and was saved by the slaves of Ninjamon.

The Numemon, Geckomon, and Koromon were grateful, and slowly helped him
 >recover from his ordeal. Trickmon too received care, although he ticked
off more than one Koromon. However, Wizardmon had an itch-like feeling
 >that his adventures in Archive were not over yet...

 >The End

 >?

 >
So, what do you think? Trust me, It's not over yet. Five positive
 >reviews mean a sequel. ^_^ There's also more in the works from the

Preacher! (Onepreacher@hotmail.com) Well, that about covers it!

>
Legal Stuff: Koromon, Geckomon, Gatomon, Numemon, Wizardmon, Leomon,
 >Elecmon, Thunderball, Digiworld, Digivolve, Digimon and anything

related belong to Saban, Fox Kids, and some other people. I take
 >credit only for Ninjamon, Shurkien Storm, Ninja Cutter, Beta Thunderball,
Mage Blast, Trickmon, his attacks, Samuraimon and Samurai Blade. E-mail
 >me if you want to use them, because two of my friends are lawyers.

 >Made by Preacher in June 10-11, 2000.

3. Nemisies Return

For all you loyal fans out there, part three of Wizardmon's Quest has arrived! Those of you who hated to
 >see Wizardmon be deleted by the Grisly Wing, he's back and kickin'!
 Recap: In episodes one and two,
Wizardmon was downloaded back to the Digiworld, onto a new continent: Archive. Wizardmon learned of
 >the menace that was terrorizing the citizens, the evil Ninjamon. Wizardmon set out to battle him, and
gained an ally, the rowdy Trickmon, on the way. In a battle of Giga-proportions, Wizardmon digivolved
 >into Magemon to defeat Ninjamon. Now, the third part of Wizardmon's Quest unfoldsâ€¦

 >WIZARDMON'S QUEST: PART THREE

 >By Preacher

 >Dedicated to all the loyal fans, The Wizardmon Shrine and all of you who reviewed. Give yourselves a BIG
pat on the back!
 >Oh, and Pizazz Digidestined 9, when do you plan to get up the third part of your Wizzy fic?

 >Wizardmon was meditating. Suddenly, the force of an unknown Ki shot through his head like wildfire,
causing him to double up in pain. Wizardmon knew that the force of Ninjamon wasn't gone yet.

>Wizardmon and Trickmon had set out for the home of Gakimon, one of the wisest digimon on Archive,
who spent his days practicing his abilities in psionic (psychic) attacks and swordsmanship. The trek was a
 >long, wet trail through several miles of swampland. The trip was short, however, due to the help they
received from a traveling peddler and his cart. He had let them off within one or two miles of the home of
 >Gakimon, and the duo kindly thanked him and set out. The path was

covered in water sometimes knee
deep, and thick foliage covered the trail in several places. "I think I now know why he's so great!

Any one

>would be dyin' ta get out of this swamp!" Trickmon yelled in frustration as he tripped and fell face first
into a puddle of grimy water. Suddenly, as if answering Trickmon's plea, a vast clearing with a pool of

>crystal water came into view. Trickmon cheered and ran into the clearing, Wizardmon stopped to observe
the scene before entering. Suddenly, Trickmon appeared to lift off the ground, his legs dangling below him,

>his hands grabbing at the invisible pair of hands around his neck. The air in front of him rippled, then
appeared to shatter, bursting off to reveal a 6-foot figure in black studded leather armor. The Digimon

>carried a large bow, and a quiver of arrows. He bore a dagger on his belt, and his head was covered in a
dark veil, revealing only one blood red eye.

>
Data screen, Wizardmon narrating.

>
Daimyomon! He can use both blow and blade, is very strong, and has a cloaking ability! His attacks are

>Dark Arrow and Shroud Sword!

>"Well, it's nice to see some prisoners for master Shogunmon. We starved or deleted all the rest. Hum." The
voice of the Daimyomon was like oil flowing over ice. "Hey brothah, could use some help heah!"

>Trickmon managed to gasp. "BETATHUNDERBALL!" "Dark Arrow!" The Dark Arrow canceled out the
Thunderball attack! "Well now, why not pick on someone your own size? You don't stand a chance against

>me." The Daimyomon shook with silent laughter. A deep voice with a sharp edge seemed to come from
nowhere. "Personally, thou should take on me. I'm much more challenging, vermin." The Daimyomon was

>confused at this. "Show yourself, before I kill the little one."

Trickmon finally got his voice back, not
taking kindly to the remark about his height. "Hey now, that ain't nice, ya hear? I may be small, but I can

>hold my own!" Daimyomon ignored Trickmon's blabbering and continued to make his challenge.
Suddenly, something in the pool rose upward, four, five, six feet. The form that stepped from the water was

>a Digimon like no other. His body and legs were human-like, but the lower portions of his arms were
covered in leather gauntlets, and the three fingers were needled claws. The stranger wore black pants with

>no shoes; instead a birdlike foot made of metal. Protruding from his spine was a foot long, metal tail, there
was a metal plate covering one eye, and metal made up his ears too. The newcomer was holding two long,

>menacing katanas balanced delicately in front of him.

>Data Screen, unknown voice narrating.

>I am Gakimon, master swordsmon and defender of law. If thou dost not look at my swords and run, perhaps
my Aqua Blade attack will persuade thou to do so.

>
"Well, you are the horror who goes unseen. It's time to meet your downfall! Dark Arrow!" Gakimon didn't

>even try to dodge. He let the attack hit his chest, and he didn't even stagger. A thin line of blood trickled
from the wound.

"Well, that was bearable. Now let's see thou dance! En Garde!!"

Gakimon lunged

>forward, slashing at Daimyomon's head and legs simultaneously.
Daimyomon went into an awkward hop-
duck, and was about to attack
when Gakimon shoved him hard, causing him to fall flat on his back.

"Thou

>hast been beaten. Leave now, if thou values thy life." The Daimyomon
scurried away as fast as he could,
but not before launching a
retort. "When Shogunmon catches up to you, you won't stand a chance!"

>Gakimon shrugged and tuned to Wizardmon and Trickmon. "Well, you two
dost not seem to be the average
travelers. Why art thou coming
here?" Wizardmon used his cane to push himself into a standing
position.

>"We have come to request your aid, Gakimon. I am Wizardmon, this is
my, umm, traveling companion
Trickmon." Gakimon turned his head
to stare at Wizardmon with one shining, night black eye. "And why

>should I help you, Sir Wizardmon? Thou seems unable to even handle a
weak Ultimate." Gakimon's ebony
stare met Wizardmon's emerald
one. "The fate of archive is still in peril." Gakimon scowled. "I
see. So

>there are others who knowest of the Ki. Honor and Good must win.
Master Wizardmon, I shalt join thou in
thy quest." "Excellent."
Beneath his high collar, Wizardmon allowed a rare smile. "How long
will it take

>you to pack?" Gakimon had a solemn look on his face, but his eyes
betrayed him. "The work of but a
moment."

>
Soon the group was back on the road. Gakimon was truthful, the
only possessions he had were two sheaths

>for his katanas and a burgling kit. Gakimon was certain the
unexplained Ki was coming from the same spot
that was hated by
all who upheld justice and peace. Ninjamon's castle.

>
Several days of trekking elapsed before the Dark outline of
Ninjamon's castle stood o the horizon. But this

>time, there were no patrols, and the party could get a decent
night's sleep.

>Or so they thought.

>As the sky darkened, the clouds became more and more present. The
clouds were moving very fast, but
there was no wind whatsoever.
Suddenly, a hole opened up in the sky over the castle. Lightning was

>striking dangerously close to the group. Then, as suddenly as it
started, the storm stopped. The trio was
haunted by what
unimaginable force Shogunmon had.

>
The day broke to reveal a gray day with much fog. The company,
not lighting a fire for fear of being

>spotted, had a cold breakfast. Gakimon guessed that the castle could
probably be reached by three, but the
companions made good pace,
and were at the front doors just before noon. The sight that greeted
them was

>eerie. One of the doors was completely wrenched off the doorframe.
The other one hung on by just one
hinge, and swung back and forth
in the wind, moaning lightly, as if in pain. Inside the castle, the
conditions

>didn't improve. Large chunks were missing from the walls. Normally a
bad sign, it was much worse,
considering the walls were made of
stone. Dim sunlight shone in through parts of the roof, and something

>that looked horribly like a trail of blood was on the floor.

>Author's note: I know this note is spoiling the plot, so I'll keep it short. Although this is rated PG, there is
some blood in it. I tried to keep this to a minimum, but some scenes I have a mental picture of that I cannot
>express without some blood. Read on.

>"Well well!" cackled a voice. "Visitors!" giggled another. "What should we do?" the first voice said.
Frenzied shouts echoed around the room. "Throw them in boiling oil!" "Put them in the dungeon to rot!" A
>deep, sinister voice broke through the shouting. "No. These ones are for master Shogunmon." Trickmon
blinked, then said "Hey, that sounds likeâ€|that Daimyomon!" "Drat!" stated Wizardmon. "He's going to
>get it when I'm done with him. Wizardmon, DIGIVOLVE!" A blinding flare of white light and Magemon
took Wizardmon's place. "Well, my Gremlinmon friends, let's give them a warm welcome." The

>Daimyomon that was at the clearing stepped into the light, and behind him, there were a mass of small,
furry brown creatures with big eyes and long sharp claws.
>
Data screen, Magemon narrating.
>
These filthy little beings are Gremlinmon. They're cannibalistic, extremely dangerous, and travel in large
>groups. They attack using their claws, because they're too primitive to learn attacks.
The Daimyomon grinned. "My friends, leave the fish to me." The Gremlinmon launched themselves at
>Trickmon and Magemon. "MAGE BLAST!" "YO-YO ATTACK!" The attacks vaporized several
Gremlinmon in midair. Magemon was having little trouble with the Gremlinmon, but Trickmon wasn't
>doing so hot. "Trickmon!" Magemon shouted, "Can't you digivolve?" "I'm on it!" Trickmon gasped, and
tripped the nearest Gremlinmon. "Trickmon, digivolve to Deceptionmon!"
>
Trickmon went from two feet tall to five. A long, black whip replaced the normal yo-yo, and now the new
>gear included rugged leather pants, boots, a vest, and a really nifty Aussie hat!

>Author's note: Can you say Indiana Jones? Jk
>
Data Screen, voice narrating.
>
I'm Deceptionmon! I just went from good to better! Watch out for my Whip Attack and my Constrict
>Strike!

>"Time to die, Gremlinmon! Whip Attack! Whip Attack! Whip Attack!!!" A swarm of Gremlinmon was
reduced to pixels by the whip. The long, black leather cord danced and moved like a Cobra in the hands of
>its master. Magemon and Deceptionmon finished off the remaining Gremlinmon easily.

>Meanwhileâ€|

>Gakimon was engaged in a fast and frenzied battle with the Daimyomon. Gakimon was using all of his
tricks to keep the upper hand, but the Daimyomon was always right with him, matching blow for blow.
>Gakimon had several nasty wounds where Shroud Sword had hit, and there were red lines on the
Daimyomon's armor where the Aqua Blade cut him. "I've had enough! You haven't even seen my true

>power!" Gakimon roared. "Double Aqua Blade!" Two blue blades hit the Daimyomon, vaporizing him.
Gakimon knelt, gasping for breath. "By my blade, he was a worthy opponent. I shalt not forget his honor."

>"You know, I owed him one." Magemon said. "Me too." Deceptionmon stepped by Gakimon. "Shalt we go
into yonder chamber, to see what peril lurks inside, and to defeat that which imprisons our lands?" "Ah, >enough with the speeches, let's get this over with. I'm hungry." Deceptionmon walked past an embarrassed
Gakimon.

>
Deceptionmon was obviously in a mood to fight, considering the force with which he kicked down the >door. The trio ventured inside the room. The stones that made the walls were free of blood and missing
pieces, and the hall contained nothing but a massive, Gold chair at the rear, in which an immense figure sat.

>The group readied their weapons as the figure stood. A black veil covered his whole head, and blue steel
armor with oversized shoulders and a flowing black cape covered his body. "Well, Gakimon. We meet

>again. This time I shall not lose."

>Data Screen, Gakimon narrating.

>What the..I know this fiend! Yonder foe is the Digivolved form of Samuraimon, Shogunmon! Pray, do be
careful, his Shogun Blade, Shogun Cut and Shogun Shredder hit so hard, he doth dare to put his name

>before them!

>"Well, Gakimon, it seems this time we won't be dueling fairly. I'm willing to accept your allies, If you are
tooâ€|cowardly." He had touched a nerve. "What dost thou mean, cowardly? Thou are too thick to accept

>thine own cowardice!" Shogunmon drew an immense blade, the same color as his armor, from the scabbard
at his waist. Gakimon drew both blades from the scabbards on his back, then discarded them with a shrug.

>"Gardez-vous!" "En-Garde!" The two launched themselves at one another. "Shogun Blade! Shogun
Cutter!" "Double Aqua Blade!" "Shogun Shredder!" Something snapped. Why had Gakimon only been

>using sword attacks? His psionic abilities were far more powerful. "Aqua Blast!" A column of water that
appeared from nowhere engulfed Shogunmon. "Very well, Gakimon. I've got moves like that! Shogun

>Bomb!" A huge, black explosion knocked Gakimon off his feet and through the air, until he hit the wall.
"Youâ€|ANIMAL!" Magemon launched himself at Shogunmon; Deceptionmon hesitated only a second

>longer before throwing himself into the fray. "Mage Blast!" "Whip Attack!" "Mage staff!" "Constrict
Strike!" "GammaThunderball!" The five attacks pummeled Shogunmon with unimaginable force.

>
But still he stood.

>
"Daimyomon, attack!" Four Daimyomon appeared and were about to attack Magemon and Deceptionmon.

>"Mage Blast!" "Whip attack!" Two Daimyomon fell, but two were on Magemon and Deceptionmon
whenâ€| "OH NO YA DON'T! DOUBLE AQUA BLADE! " The two Daimyomon were vaporized, and

>Magemon and Deceptionmon continued to fight Shogunmon, allowing Gakimon enough time to catch his
breath.

>
The battle raged, but still he stood.

>
"ENOUGH! SHOCK SPHERE!" Magemon and Deceptionmon were thrown by the electric blast, both

>recovered quickly. "I've fooled around with you LONG ENOUGH! Meet

your worst Nightmare!
Jestermon!" A comical Digimon in a red and white suit with a three-tasseled hat appeared. "You rang?

>HEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEE!" The laugh was enough to chill even Gakimon's blood.

>And they stood together.

>Data Screen, Jestermon narrating.

>"Well how do you do! I'm Jestermon, resident fool and all around clown! My attacks come from every
Digimon that ever lived, so you NEVER know what's coming! HEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEE!"

>
"I don'tâ€|care who you areâ€|but your soulâ€|is as filthyâ€|as the back of a Monochromon!" Gakimon had

>several nasty wounds from his confrontation with Shogunmon.

>"Well well," said Jestermon, floating upside down in midair. "You are truly a potty mouth!" he cackled
with glee. "Let's see how you fight!" "NO." Shogunmon boomed. You take the lizard. The others are

>mine." Jestermon took a whining stance. "But can't I kill the fishy? Pleeeeeeeeeeeeze?" "NO." "Oh fine, you
old geezer. Leave the lizard to me!" Jestermon vanished and reappeared beside Deceptionmon. "You know,

>the only way you can kill me is to riddle me a riddle I can't solve! Every wrong riddle means an attack!"
"Smooth. You just told me how to beat you. Fine. How's aboutâ€|what has no hinges, door or lid, yet

>golden treasure inside is hid?" "HA! Too easy, it's an egg! Super shocker!" Deceptionmon sidestepped the
bolt. "Fine. What aboutâ€|a man walks into a bar, asks for a drink of water, the bartender pulls out a gun.

>The man says thank you and walk out. Why?" "Another easy one. He has the HICCUPS! Giga claw!"
Deceptionmon barely got out of the way, and was hit by several flying pieces of rubble. Another cackle.

>
Meanwhileâ€|

>
"Double Aqua Blade!" "Mage Blast!" "Shogun Blade! Shogun Cut! Shogun Shredder!"

>"GammaThunderball!" "Aqua Blast!" "Shogun Bomb! Shogun COMBO!"

Shogunmon slashed his sword
in a triangle, then in a three-pronged circle, producing this design:

> \
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> 0 \ \
> | | \
> | |

>The symbol was a blue triangle around a red circle, and it hung in the air, spinning. Every time a point
pointed down, several blasts similar to the Shogun sword moves shot out. Wizardmon and Gakimon had

>trouble dodging the blasts, as the speed of the rotation slowly increased, producing more and more blades.
Shogunmon leaned on his blade, watching the antics with amusement. "Enough!" Magemon shouted,

>hanging upside down in midair to dodge a blast. "Cancel!" A small, green orb shot out from the tip of his
staff, moved to the Shogun Combo, sparkled, and both disappeared. "Wha...!" Shogunmon gaped.

>
He still stood strong.

>
"Uh, umâ€|" Deceptionmon was running out of riddles. "Geez! If I

was only a Gomamon!" "You'll never
>beat me!" Jestermon cackled, juggling a set of knives. "Uh, err, why
did the chicken cross the road?"
Jestermon dropped a dagger, the
rest fell to the ground. "Why did the chickenâ€¦cross the roadâ€¦?"
"Yeah,
>that's the joke. Go ahead, you know the answer." "Whyâ€¦did
theâ€¦chicken cross the road?" "Uh-huh. So
go and use your
Electroshocker, I'm ready." "Uhh, err, the chicken? Cross the road?
Well, that's one I
>haven't heard." "HUH?" "Yup, you win. Finish me." "YOU'VE NEVER
HEARD THAT?!?" "Nope. But
before you destroy me, what's the
answer?" "To get to the other side." "Oh. Well then, do your worst.
I'm
>ready." "No, I won't. You leave, but I'm not going to finish you.
Your challenge was too stupid to deserve
a death." "You're
kidding, right? No one spares me, not even the old fuddy-duddy over
there." "Well, I'm
>giving you another chance. Go on now, be off." "May I ask just one
favor before I go?" "Fine, what is it?"
Jestermon whispered
something into Deceptionmon's ear, he nodded and both turned and
walked towards
>the flurry of light that was Gakimon, Magemon and Shogunmon.

>One turned around.

>"Take this! SHOGUN BEAM!!!" An immense beam of light shot at Gakimon
before anyone could react.
The only thing he could do was block.
One of his swords was knocked out of his hand by the explosion.

>"Gakimon, are you all right?" "I shall be fineâ€¦as soon as my hand
regeneratesâ€¦" "Well, that's not very
handy." Shogunmon loomed
over the duo, as Deceptionmon and Jestermon arrived on the scene.
"Hey, ya
>old geeb!" Jestermon shouted. "Why did you not finish the lizard
off, Jestermon?" Jestermon laughed, but
his laugh was
differentâ€¦"Cuz I was savin' my energy for YOU!" "TRAITOR!" "Eat
some of my own
>attacks! Poison Knife!" Jestermon threw a purple dagger at
Shogunmon, who knocked it aside. "You'll
have to do better than
that, Jestermon." "Then try this on for size! DARTS!" A group of five
darts flew
>through the air, but Shogunmon dodged them with ease. "COME ON! GIVE
ME YOUR BEST SHOT!!!"
"FINE! PARALYZE!" A purple bolt shot from
Jestermon's hand, Shogunmon tried to block it with a
>sword, but it divided in two and hit him anyway. "AARGH! Iâ€¦Can't
move!" "Sir Magemon!" Gakimon
gasped. "Hit him now!" "MAGE
BLAST!" The same blast which had defeated Ninjamon now hit

>Shogunmon. The party got an instant view of him before he was
reduced into pixels.

>And so he fell.

>"Are you sure he's all right, Trickmon?" Gakimon kept giving
Jestermon nasty looks. "Trust me, he's fine.
I think he really
had good in him all along." Trickmon confirmed for the sixteenth
time. "What's next on
>thy schedule, Wizardmon?" Gakimon asked. "Well, since the Ki seems
to have been destroyed, I have
nothing left to do but return to
Server. Any idea on how to get there?" "Wellâ€¦I have a friend to the
north
>who just might be able to help you outâ€¦"

>THE END?

>Nope! There's going to be one more part the the Wizardmon saga, and that's going to come out Spring of
2001, with some luck, but if you tell me in your review that you want more, I might just change my mind.

>So, you liked the longest addition yet to the saga? TELL ME ABOUT IT! I know you people who read this
and don't review are out there, but if you think it's good, high quality stuff and want to see more, then you

>gotta either review or drop me a line at onepreacher@hotmail.com! Otherwise I shall negotiate a plan with
Ploquaz to come and eat youâ€|

>
Once again, I thank you for reading. Now, for the legal stuff and PREVIEWS!!!

>Yay. Legal stuff. Anyway, I do not take credit for any of the following: Digimon, Digiworld, Digidestined,
Grisly Wing, Wizardmon, Wizardmon's Thunderball and Magical cane, Ploquaz, the United States of

>America, Indiana Jones, Cheese, Al Gore, or related matter. However, I take credit for the following:
Magemon and Magemon's attacks, Trickmon and his attacks, Deceptionmon andâ€|well you get the idea,

>Gakimon, Ninjamon, Daimyomon, Shogunmon, Jestermon, Wizardmon's Betathunderball, Gremlinmon, or
other stuff which is obviously mine.

>
Annnnnnd Previews!

>
Also in the works from Preacher:

>
Wizardmon's Quest: Part 4 Spring/ Summer 2001

>The final installment in the Wizardmon saga brings an unexpected conclusion to our group of friends.

>The Hunter Saga: Part 3-The Visora suit SpringSummer 2001

>A Gundam story with a new and different plot line!

>Changes Winter 2000Spring 2001

>A Mega Man X story about the two new additions to the Maverick Hunters. Zero doesn't really handle the
change wellâ€|

>
Thassal, forks! Come back soon!

> <p><p>

4. Across Oceans

Well dear reader, welcome to the last part of Wizardmon's Quest.

>
You heard me right.

>
Stop gaping.

>
ENOUGH!

>Now, I know that you might be shocked into oblivion that a very good series of fiction is going to stop. I
took this in long ago, and I have decided to end the Wizardmon Quest series with a bang! Because although

>Wizardmon's quest is ending, I will now be working on Wizardmon's Adventure Series! Wizardmon, of
course, will be in it, as will Deceptionmon and Gakimon. And of course, any Digimon who you meet in this

>fic has a darn good chance of making the cut! Anyway, we shall not die in peace!

>Er, ahem.

>I have asked for the aid of some dear friends in the new Wizardmon series. I am proud to say that two,
possible three people (see underwritten) will be helping me. Real Priest, if you are reading

this, I'd like you
>to drop me a line, onepreacher@hotmail.com.
So let's get this
show on the road!
>
WIZARDMON'S QUEST: PART 4
>The quest has just begunâ€¦

>Dedicated to all of you who can dream, and Issac.

>A vast coastline ravaged by immense waves greeted the four travelers
who had come thus far. Wizardmon,
Gakimon, Trickmon and
Jestermon, four friends who had trudged over plains and through
forests had
>finally come to the great coast of Archive. Gakimon drew one of his
twin sabers and pointed east. "Several
leagues yonder lies the
home of Technomon, and her companion Michomon. They shall provide us
lodging
>and transportation to your continent, friend Wizardmon. "Sounds
good. Let's move." Wizardmon stated
happily, glad he could almost
grasp Server.
>
The ragged group was forced to move slowly along the shoreline,
with raging winds battering their bodies
>and hindering their progress. Finally, after what seemed like
endless hiking, a large, dome shaped building
on a flat expanse
of sandy shore came into view. "There!" Gakimon shouted, his voice
carrying off far into
>the dim light. Trickmon ran several paces ahead of the group,
stopped, turned back and promptly
announced, "Well? You can't
just keep walking! There's going to be a big storm coming in." and an

>immense flash of lightning less than three hundred feet behind the
travelers cut off his words. Needless to
say, they were quite
quickly encouraged to move hastily.
>
Several minutes of running brought the group breathless to the
dome. It stood thirty feet high and was fifty
>feet across. Two large fan like structures stood to one side of it,
and there was what looked like a porch at
the flat top. A small
canopy covered the door, and the four huddled beneath it. Gakimon
rapped sharply on
>the door. "Sounds like no one's home." He stated, leaning casually
against the door. Then the door slid
open, making Gakimon fall
into a heavy heap on the floor inside. A digimon slightly shorter
than Gakimon
>stepped into the doorframe.

>Data Screen, Voice Narrating.

>"Hello there! I'm Technomon, one of the greatest scientists on
Archive. I use technology whenever I can,
and my attacks are
Techgun and Techdisk!"
>
Technomon was female, and wore a costume covered in innumerable
objects, most of which looked like
>either tools or formidable weapons. She had short black hair and
wore small, square glasses with wires
running from them into a
computer at her side. "Well, Gakimon, seems like ages since you've
last been
>here." Gakimon smiled toothily, pulling himself up on one knee.
"Only because I've been training."
Technomon shook her head.
"Seems like that's all you do. Well, I shouldn't keep you out in the
cold any
>longer, come on in!" The house was furnished in an interesting way.
There were loose ceiling and floor
panels everywhere, and wires
were neatly tied in bundles that ran underfoot and overhead. For such
a great
>scientist, Technomon had a strange taste for art. There were moving

pictures on each wall, some that
showed swimming fish, some which acted like mirrors but switched all the colors with their opposites (it >was quite interesting to see a red Gakimon) and one which took photos of people who stood in front of it
and when it had amassed a considerable collection, morphed from one figure to another.

>
Technomon led them through the house, into a small sitting room.

"Hang on for a second while I get

>Michomon, then we'll talk." She walked out of the room, and came back several seconds later.

>Data Screen, Voice narrating.
"Greetings! I'm Michomon, the mechanic. I love machines, so I'll build anything! Don't get on my wrong

>side, or you'll face my DigiBazooka!"

>Michomon was quite short, and had several oil stained rags thrust in his pants pocket. He walked over to
Gakimon and warmly shook hands. "Gakimon! It's been quite a while, hasn't it! How's life treating you?"

>Gakimon smiled again. "Fine, but we ought not to keep introductions at bay. This is Wizardmon, Mage and
warrior, Trickmon, a stout companion at all times, and Jestermon, a very peculiar but humorous person."

>"Well, hello, hello." Michomon shook hands with each of them. "So Gakimon, why are you here?"
"Ermâ€|well, Wizardmon has a favor to ask of you. You seeâ€|" Gakimon prodded at Wizardmon with his

>eyes. "I'm not a native of Archive. I was dumped here slightly over four months ago, when I was killed in
the real world." Wizardmon explained how he had jumped in at the last second to save Gatomon, how he

>had been downloaded back into the Digiworld, and how he had joined with Trickmon and Gakimon to fight
Ninjamon and, later, Shogunmon. He told of how he needed to return to Server to find Gatomon. "And I

>need your help to cross this ocean. I can't do it alone, but if you won't help, I'll understand." Michomon
leaned back. "Wellâ€|it'll cost you." Technomon gave her companion a hefty hit to the back of the head,

>sending him sprawling on the floor. "You dope! We'll help you guys for free, of course. We'll move out
tomorrow at noon, but until then, you guys look like you need bed. Lodging is on us." The rooms

>Technomon provided were quite comfortable, although the beds were a little saggy.

>Morning comesâ€|

>Wizardmon was woken rather earlier than he would have expected by Trickmon falling out of the couch
next to his bed. A light breakfast was served and then the party was led outside. Trickmon looked

>disbelievingly at Michomon. "Where's the transportation you promised?" Michomon smiled and handed
him a broom. "What, do I ride it?" Michomon laughed. "Sweep along the sand until you hit metal. Clear it

>off real good." Trickmon goggled at him. "Oh, Gakimon hasn't told you? This is one big hovercraft. The
dome is the cabin, and the top is the cockpit. It's pushed over water my these." He pointed at the fans.

>"Which Wizardmon and Jestermon are going to help me clean the sand off. Oh, and Gakimon, you need to
take this and dig out the sand

around the hovercraft." He mentioned as he handed Gakimon a shovel.

Soon

>the three friends were hard at work, sweeping, cleaning and digging. By eleven they had finished on the
fans and deck, and joined Gakimon in digging. It was just before noon when they finished.

Technomon had

>led them all up a flight of stairs into the cockpit, a flattened glass dome. "Here we go!" she said.
Technomon pushed several levers forward and straddled her seat. The monstrous fans began to blow,

>kicking up immense amounts of sand. Then the whole hovercraft started to move towards the water,
billowing great clouds of sand behind it. It hit the water with a dull thud, and immediately sped up. The

>craft was soon shooting forward across a plain of endless blue.

>After you got used to the continual rocking of the craft and the occasional jolt of a larger wave, the ride
became actually quite peaceful. There was nothing you wanted to do but sit and watch the waves shoot by

>endlessly or watch the clouds in the sky all afternoon. But running a ship is a constant duty, which the party
soon learned. They had to watch out for any large objects in the water, sometimes a log or some other

>rubbish, but occasionally a green blue flash would appear, showing Divermon swimming near the surface.
Once Trickmon said he saw an immense shape deep below them, which he swore had the looks of a

>Seadramon. But nothing happened until one evening.

>Gakimon was on watch, and Wizardmon had just brought up dinner. The two sat in silence for a while,
eating with their own thoughts. Gakimon let out a short laugh. "For so many years all I've wanted was to

>talk with someone for a bit and here I am, no better off!" Wizardmon smiled. "So, tell me, what's the real
world like? You've had the pleasure to go there." Wizardmon shook his head. "It seems hopeless. Giant

>metal buildings that blot out the sun and stars. The forests are all but destroyed, and the atmosphere is full
of pollution." Gakimon shivered. "The water?" "I'll spare you the thought." "Pity. All that beauty for

>nothing." The two companions finished the meal, then sat and discussed what had happened when
Wizardmon was gone. "Strange things, I hear up north. Dark forces that can destroy mountains led by an

>evil charlatan. And then there were rumors of a new group of Digidestined a while back and an evil
emperor in the same areas. Crazy stuff if you ask me. The whole planet would be overrun if it weren't for

>Gennai. Great man."

>Author's Note: Those of you who didn't quite catch the hidden meaning, Gakimon was referring to the
Dark Masters and Piedmon, then about Digimon season 2.

>
Wizardmon blinked and stared hard past Gakimon. "What's that?" Gakimon thought he was referring to the

>conversation. "He's the only human permanently residing in the Digiworld." Wizardmon pulled out some
binoculars and handed them to Gakimon. "No. That." Gakimon stared through the binoculars trying to see

>what Wizardmon had pointed out. "There, on the horizon, with the

spines." Gakimon stared. "Oh! What is
that? A Seadramon?" Wizardmon shook his head. "You can tell it's not. The head is too blunt, it has huge >spiked on its back and those front appendages are claws." Gakimon goggled at Wizardmon. "You can see
all that without magnification?" Wizardmon smiled again. "Trade secret." "I'll go tell the others, you stay >here on watch." Gakimon climbed down into the main cabin, leaving Wizardmon alone.
>Several minutes later, when Wizardmon was still staring out at the edge of the ocean trying to find that
figure again, Jestermon apparated at his side. "You seem worried, tonight, don't you?" Wizardmon didn't >turn or acknowledge Jestermon, but he didn't seem to care. "But why? Why worry when you have all this!"
He made a sweeping gesture at the sky and sea. "You have a perfect sapphire ocean that stretches its calm >waves unto the endless horizon, and a beautiful blending of rose and amber in the sunset that casts a
flawless tranquil red hue over everything." Wizardmon raised a questioning eyebrow. "I never knew you >were so poetic." Jestermon smiled and picked at a loose thread on his tasseled hat. "It comes with being a
jester, I guess." He levitated, flipping over in midair. The bells on his hat jingled softly. "And when you >look at a perfect sapphire sky that stretches its calm waves unto the endless horizon, and a beautiful
blending of rose and amber in the ocean that casts a perfect tranquil red hue over everything, well!" >Wizardmon sighed. "Perhaps you're right. Maybe I should just relax. After all, if it was a
Hurricaneseadramon, it might not attack us." Jestermon fell out of the air in a crumpled heap. When he

>finally regained his breath, he spoke shakily. "Y-y-you saw a H-h-hurricane s-s-Seadramon? That's bad.
Really b-b-b-b-bad. They only live in deep ocean and have a terrible hunger for prey. They even hunt >things like Whamon." "What's the best defense against them?" Jestermon swallowed. "There have never
been any survivors. If you encounter one, you die. That's it. Game over." >
Night fell on the boat, along with extreme cold. Wizardmon was forced to huddle against a bulkhead to stay >warm while he was on guard duty. Michomon and Technomon, both of whom had considerable experience
with large sea creatures, had decided to post a guard at all times. Wizardmon was working hard not to nod >off due to weariness, but it was easier said than done. Wizardmon had just about drifted off to sleep when
he has jolted into wariness by a large bump on the side of the boat. Standing to investigate, he rose in time >to see the latter of an immense green and blue tail slide into the water. Another bump shook the boat, this
time from the other side. This time Wizardmon didn't even bother to go and look. He focused his mind on a >single act, and almost effortlessly teleported below decks. He knocked softly on the door that said
"Captain's Quarters". Technomon came to the door, already dressed. No doubt she was awakened by the >thuds against the boat. Wizardmon went from room to room, and at each door the occupants emerged, each
bearing arms. Everyone but

Technomon reported to the deck, instead she headed to the controls.

There was

>little sound except for the sloshing of small waves against the side of the hovercraft. Then, starting softly at
first but extending into a panic of noise was the sound of something cutting through the water. Gakimon

>brandished both of his swords, Jestermon his daggers, and Wizardmon his staff. Michomon jerked the
silver and green tube that was on a strap on his back into a firing position.

>
The rushing sound suddenly faded without warning. Nothing could be heard save for the sound of the five

>breathing. Then, in a huge explosion of water, the spiny head of the Hurricaneseadramon broke the surface.

>Data screen, Jestermon narrating.

>There it is! Hurricaneseadramon is the worst kind of Seadramon!

Savage and wild to the extreme, it doesn't
have any normal attacks; instead it uses its claws and fangs!

>
Jestermon barely had time to jump out of the way of the immense claw that was aimed for him, and

>Trickmon had to throw himself flat to avoid the second. "Alright, that's not nice! Trickmon, Digivolve
toâ€|Deceptionmon!"

"Wizardmon, Digivolve toâ€|Magemon!" The two more powerful forms stood on the

>deck. The Hurricaneseadramon tried to crush Magemon with a pound of his claw, but Magemon teleported
out of its way. The immense fist of the Hurricaneseadramon left one heck of a pothole in the ship's deck.

>"Arrgh! My beautiful ship! Die, you cretin! Digibazooka!" The bazooka Michomon carried launched a
digimissile at the Hurricaneseadramon, who didn't flinch. "Everyone, all together!" Magemon yelled.

>"Mage Blast!" "Aqua Blade!" "Whip Attack!" "Flying Knives!"

"Digibazooka!" As all five attacks hit the
Hurricaneseadramon simultaneously (big words) it reeled slightly under the force of the blows. It seemed to

>falter for a second, then opened it's mouth as wide as it could and thrust it's head straight at
Deceptionmon. He never even had a chance to blink. The jaws of the huge beast closed with a clashing

>snap like a piece of wood being torn in two. Gakimon, Jestermon, and Michomon stood in horror.
Magemon teleported beside them with Deceptionmon at his side. "Crikey, the bloke nearly got me there!

>Look at the size of 'is fangs! Hoo, he's a beauty!" Deceptionmon said in an Aussie accent. Michomon,
Jestermon and Gakimon all goggled at the two for an instant, then turned their attention back to the

>behemoth in front of them. Gakimon ran forward, and as the Hurricaneseadramon raised its claws to swipe
parried them with his blades. Both beings struggled to push the other back, and both called upon immense

>reserves of strength. Deceptionmon sprang forward and leapt off Gakimon's back and onto the head of the
Hurricaneseadramon. Sitting as one would on a horse, he gave a sharp flick of his whip so it went around

>the Hurricaneseadramon's mouth and he held both ends. "What the heck is he doing?" Michomon yelled.
Slapping the Hurricaneseadramon on the side of its head, Deceptionmon goaded it to turn and try to throw

>him off. With the experience matched only by those in Texas, he rode

the bucking beast. The Hurricaneseadramon ducked and bobbed, but couldn't seem to throw Deceptionmon off. Finally, giving a huge sweep of its head, the Hurricaneseadramon caused Deceptionmon to lose his grip.

Deceptionmon fell into the water and sank like a stone. "This is my element! You hold off that beast!" Gakimon yelled as he jumped into the water. "Talk about being in your element." Jestermon said.

Michomon gritted his teeth. "Do you ever shut up?" He growled as he launched more missiles at the Hurricaneseadramon. With a roar of fury, the great beast pinned Michomon in one hand and Magemon in

the other. Magemon yelled over the roar of the titanic beast, "Jestermon, do something!" Jestermon stared in horror at the predicament his friends were in. "You have to hold it off until Gakimon can get back!"

"Yeah, but do what?" Michomon wrenched his head free from underneath one of the huge claws. "Maybe you could kill it with your humor." He said with thick sarcasm. "Hm not a bad idea. Hey! Fish breath!"

The Hurricaneseadramon looked at him. "Yeah, I'm talking to YOU, blubber boy! You call yourself king of the sea? More like King of the sardines! Yeah, that's right! Oh, you want some of this? Huh? Do ya?

Well come and get it, fatty!" Letting out a piercing roar, the Hurricaneseadramon dropped both Magemon and Michomon and lunged at Jestermon. Swiftly dodging the lunge, he turned his roll into a backflip.

Performing one of the greatest gymnastics shows of all times, Jestermon continuously flipped, hopped and rolled while insulting the great beast. "Oh come on now, chubby, you gotta do better than that to beat me!

Whoa! Close, but no luck. My, you certainly dance well for someone with no left feet." Twin large anime sweatdrops appeared on both Magemon and Michomon's heads.

Gakimon pulled himself back on deck, dragging an unconscious Deceptionmon. It was amazing that he had

been able to stay in Digivolved form. Giving a mighty shake to rid himself of the heavy water, he turned to regard the plainly bizarre sight on deck. He walked over and stood by Magemon. "How long has he kept

this up?" Michomon checked his watch. "About four minutes. Sooner or later he has to run out of insults." Jestermon gave a sideways glance. "Ah! Back so soon? Could you lend me a hand?" Gakimon drew both

blades. "Omae o korosu!"

Author's Note: Anyone speak Japanese? I do believe Gakimon just said "I will kill you."

"Aqua Blade! Aqua Blade! Aqua Blade!" Gakimon landed several blows on the spiny skin of the Hurricaneseadramon. The great beast retaliated with an immense sweep of its claw. Magemon jumped in

too. "Mage Blast!" Michomon got into a kneeling position and fired. "Digibazooka!" Jestermon jumped into the air. "Flying Knives!" Magemon and Gakimon dropped back, both breathing heavily. "None of our

attacks seem to do anything! Magemon, only your attack seems to cause any pain." "We need more power. If we only had another person who could harm it." Jestermon gave a small wink. "Jestermon, digivolve

>toâ€|Mimicmon!"

>Data screen, Mimicmon narrating.
"Hello, boys! Charmed, I'm sure. Meet Mimicmon! I can masquerade as a menagerie of monsters and

>many master â€"mons."

>Mimicmon was tall and garbed all over in various rags, except for a bit where you could see his eyes.
"Now, for my maneuver! Mimic!" He was enveloped in a cloud of smoke. When the smoke cleared, an

>identical duplicate of Magemon was standing on deck. "But wait! There's more! I also can do all of your
attacks!" He turned his staff at the Hurricaneseadramon. "Mimic Blast!" Not a red beam but a blue one shot

>at the great monster. "Why is it blue?" Magemon asked. "Hey, back off, I'm still working on it." "Well,
shall we pummel him?" "Be my guest." "Mage Blast!" "Mimic Blast!" A hail of blue and red beams

>assaulted the Hurricaneseadramon. Magemon stopped in midair, then shot the Hurricaneseadramon right in
the eye. It thrashed about greatly, and Gakimon took the advantage. "Aqua blade!" Michomon reloaded.

>"Digibazooka!" "Whip attack!" Shouted a finally conscious Deceptionmon. Magemon hovered in front of
the huge sea beast and swung his staff in a circle. "Cosmos Gate!" A solid black portal opened up right in

>front of him, and created an immense vacuum. Gakimon dug his swords into the deck; Michomon and
Deceptionmon hung on to a crack in the deck. Mimicmon flew behind the Hurricaneseadramon and aimed

>his staff at it. "Mimic Blast!" The one beam was enough. The fifty feet of Hurricaneseadramon, followed
by the two hundred feet of tail was pulled into the inky black portal which then sealed.

>

>Magemon dedigivolved and crumpled to the deck. Gakimon picked him up with ease and carried him
below decks to the sickbay. While he recovered, Wizardmon dreamed.

>
Gatomonâ€|

>
Gatomonâ€|

>
Wizardmon, I'm here

>
Gatomonâ€|

>
Wizardmon awoke to find a bright new morning. He walked into the kitchen to find Trickmon standing in

>front of the stove with a "Kiss the cook" apron on. Wizardmon sat at the table between Jestermon and
Gakimon. "Well, finally up, eh? That was some move you did last night. Took the wind out of you,

>though." Wizardmon rested his head on his arms, which were propped up on the table. "Something
wrong?" Jestermon asked. "I dreamed while I was asleep." Michomon leaned out from behind a large pile

>of pancakes. "Dreams are simply the brain processing what it has experienced. You had quite a day, so it
was no big anamoly that you dreamed." Wizardmon looked up. "You don't understand. I dreamed I was

>dead." Michomon swallowed a large mouthful of pancake and continued. "Why were you dead?" "It's all
so hazyâ€|I think that Myotimon had killed me for real. Andâ€|I was just a ghost, haunting the place I died.

>I wanted to find Gatomon." "Probably just your innermost fears and desires." "You don't understand.
Mages have a special quality.

When they dream, it's real." "Hmmâ€|"

>
Two days later, the hovercraft sloshed up onto the sand of an unnamed beach. The friends said goodbye

>and started off on their journey once more. "Where should we go now?" Wizardmon asked Gakimon.
"Probably we should go to Gennai. He'll have answers for us all." Gakimon replied.

>
The End (But not the finish!)

>
And so almost half of a year of off and on writing comes to a close. I worked in some things rather last

>minute, namely Wizardmon's dream. If you watch the series you'll know that Wizardmon was a 'ghost'
haunting the TV station. I worked that into the story as a little something that actually ties in with the show.

>I also redesigned the story multiple times, Michomon was formerly Hackermon, but as there was nothing
for him to hack and he seemed more mechanically motivated I found it natural to change the name.

>
Well, don't just sit there! Go and read some of the other great fanfiction on this wonderous website! Surf

>on over to www.bored.com! Start collecting ROMs! Eat a hoagie! I DON'T CARE! Just remember three
things:

>1. Smite or be Smited
2. Eat Oreos, not Hydrox

>
What? That was only two? HEY, LAIRIES, WHERE'D MY 3rd THING GO?

>

>LEGALITIES: I am in no way associated with Digimon, the company that made digimon, people who eat
digimon, etc etc. I only take credit for characters that are completely of my original creativity, in other

>words: Wizardmon is one of the only characters I do not take credit for. There. I also am not associated
with Bored.com, Hydrox, the Marx brothers, Martha Stewart, Anne Robinson (Hurricaneseadramon, you

>ARE the weakest link. Goodbye!), fluffernutters, etc.

>THANKS: Diamond Rose, Sakura Lily, BobPriest, Issac, Wizardmon, Lairies, H.S., every fan I have

>gained in these several years of writing, and my deepest thanks to www.Fanfiction.net, the greatest site
around (the strongest link!).

>
Until next time, folks. Goodbye!

>
REVIEW OR BE SMITED

>

>

End
file.